

THE FIELD AFAR

DEVOTED TO THE INTEREST OF CATHOLIC MISSIONS

*'DILIGENTIBUS DEUM, OMNIA COOPERANTUR
IN BONUM.'*—Rom. viii. 28.



*"TO THOSE WHO LOVE GOD, ALL THINGS
WORK TOGETHER FOR GOOD."*

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A Class Graduated from the Institute Conducted by the Sisters of St. Paul de Chartres, Sendai, Japan. (See p. 3.)

THE FIELD AFAR is a diocesan mission organ, published bi-monthly. It aims to arouse and strengthen interest in the world-wide apostolate.

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THE FIELD AFAR is published by the Catholic Foreign Mission Bureau of Boston.

FOR several years past we have been presented occasionally as the *Director of the Society for the Propagation of the Faith in the Archdiocese of Boston*. Now this title is an unwieldy one, we admit, taking considerable breath when spoken (and too much ink when printed), but the effect upon the hearer is interesting.

This effect varies with the disposition and knowledge of the individual addressed. One looks up with a dazed expression and never quite recovers until we are outside of his vision. Another, making further inquiry, is quite shocked to think that a priest should be devoting all his sacred time to "the ends of the earth" when he could be occupied every moment with his own corner.

Perhaps both of these individuals have good, generous hearts. It simply happens that their eyes have not yet been opened to the world-wide mission of the Church, and to their own duty and opportunity in regard to that mission. Towards this work of the Church they are in much the same relation as an honest Protestant is towards the Church itself.

A third has heard of Boston's interest in missions, and frankly expresses his good will pronouncing it "a great work." This individual doubtless means what he says. He has caught the idea,—sees the need, but it does not dawn on him yet that he ought to respond to it, even to the extent of a five-cent piece,—probably because no one has asked him.

There is, however, another type whose view is pronouncedly narrow. He has been watching progress—not progress on the missions with its attendant difficulties, but the progression of figures under the dollar sign here at home. He has pinned to his memory a notice—a warning, rather—that \$150,000 and something

more went out of this country last year for the conversion of heathen people. Had this gone to purchase tobacco, or for spending-money to our soldiers in the Philippines, or to help some discontented people secure more rights, no objection would be made but the idea of 15,000,000 Catholics sending out \$150,000 (a cent apiece) for the conversion of heathen—is disturbing.

Perhaps, too, this individual has read somewhere that three or four of our young men left the United States within the past year to labor for souls in the Far East. Had they gone for money, or to serve in the army, he would not be affected by their departure, but he does not approve of encouraging priests to go away when there is so much to be done at home.

Now this person is alarmed,—not only because he does not realize Catholic opportunity in the foreign fields, but because he does not stop to figure. If he did he would note that while \$150,000 might have gone last year to foreign missions from the Catholics of the United States, these same children of the Church, proverbially generous as they are, gave for the building of churches, schools, hospitals, asylums, etc., and the support of the same, during that period a sum running well up to one hundred millions of dollars.

As to the handful of priests who offer their lives for the apostolate they are at present not 15, while 15,000 are still registered in the Catholic Directory of the United States. Shall we grudge even these?

To prevent any undue fear we hasten to say that those who are interested in spreading a love in this country for foreign missions, have not concocted any scheme to divert elsewhere the lion's share of Catholic offerings or any considerable proportion of our American priests and religious women; or to keep our people preoccupied with the mission idea to the exclusion of all home needs.

WHAT IS ASKED?

Only a breath of prayer to be said daily for the missionaries and their work, e.g., the invocation—"St. Francis Xavier, pray for us."

An occasional mite of alms—the fallen crumbs.

A vocation here and there in this great country—that our armies beyond the frontiers may be strengthened by American recruits.

If we are generous with God, He

will be so with us. If we give, even from our small store, material means and a few apostolic lives, our own works will not suffer and our vocations will be multiplied; for Charity, like a flame, intensifies as it spreads.

How beautiful is the spirit shown lately by the Cardinal Archbishop of Lyons when the idea was presented to him, that in face of the present distress of the Church in France, he would be justified in diminishing alms for the foreign missions! This worthy prelate answered: "Only persons little instructed in the life of the Church would argue thus. 'Sacrifice for sacrifice!' What are our sacrifices in comparison with the privations and sufferings of our missionaries. They have left for the conquest of souls, daring to go even to martyrdom. Can we refuse the trifle of alms which sustains them and gives us a share in their merits. Is this not an occasion to repeat the words, 'Give, and it shall be given unto you.' The faith is attacked in France; it will be protected by our charities which propagate it. 'He who giveth to the poor lendeth to the Lord.' To come with an alms to the aid of the missionaries is to lend to God who will be happy to give us interest on the loan."

✱ ✱

WE have now on hand a limited number of copies of the excellent map of China, which was prepared for the Catholic Encyclopedia, Vol. III. We have secured these maps through the courtesy of the Robert Appleton Company and they will be found most useful for individuals or classes desiring to take up the study of Catholicity in China.

The map includes the five ecclesiastical regions of the Chinese Empire together with the Vicariate Apostolic of Korea. The various sees are marked in red and the spelling of Chinese and Korean names is given in English sound equivalents.

A certain number of the maps have been backed with cloth to make them more durable and will be forwarded to any address at the rate of ten cents apiece or one dollar a dozen. Unmounted copies at half this price.

✱ ✱

To spread among our own Catholics the mission idea is in itself a missionary work which must be taken up by many clergy and laity, before it can be widely felt. Help us in this propaganda.

"Thou art the hope of all the ends of the earth and in the sea afar off!"

THE SISTERS OF SAINT PAUL DE CHARTRES.

The article which follows was written for THE FIELD AFAR by a non-Catholic young woman in California, who lately returned from a visit to Japan.

IF you should ever go to the city of Sendai in Japan and wander in and out among its narrow streets until you come to the one called Kakyoin-dori, there you will find the usual little Japanese shops with their entire fronts open to the public gaze, some selling small cakes of various shapes and colors, others showing dainty colored writing paper, brushes, ink stones, etc.; there your eyes would be attracted by the usual number of small children playing in the streets, whose chief excitement is to escape from flying jinriki-shas; but finally your attention would be arrested by a high board fence painted black. This would not be so unusual, for all fences are painted black in Japan, but sheltered behind its silence you would observe a large foreign house and, being far from Tokyo and all legations, to your mind would come the only word which could explain it—"Mission!"

If curiosity led you to step inside the open gate you could hardly escape again without having received a spiritual blessing from even such a short contact with the lives of these devout, self-sacrificing Sisters of Saint Paul de Chartres.

A sweet-faced Sister would open the door for you and lead you across a glass-enclosed veranda, through a narrow hall to the reception room facing the garden in the rear. This room is rather bare but very clean and peaceful. The Sister Superior would enter and then if you are limited to English, there would be much smiling and much gesticulation but very little conversation, for the Sisters speak only French and Japanese.

Shut in this lonely house, with no hope of ever again seeing the dear faces of relatives or friends or the loved scenes of "La Belle France," the hearts of these sisters are eager for companionship and encouragement and the poorest French spoken, if it carries love and appreciation, is always welcome.

This mission school was established in 1892 and since then it is probable that volumes could be filled with the stories of the sacrifices, great and small, of these brave women.

We read a great deal about the simple life in America but here they practise it. The dining room table covered with oil cloth never holds any luxuries. Soup, bread and vegetables make up the diet. Since the

trouble in France the Sisters have had to retrench their expenses and now deny themselves butter and coffee. Sugar and salt are used very sparingly.

The climate of Japan in the spring and the fall is delightfully fresh and invigorating but the summer months are almost unbearable with their warm rains and suffocating atmosphere. The moisture permeates bedding and clothes press, while food, leather shoes and books will become mouldy over night. Most of the missionaries in Japan travel to the mountains for relief during this trying season but these Sisters go about their work as usual, although they suffer intensely from the depressing tropical humidity. In the cold of winter with the ground buried in

All of their trials and sorrows they dedicate joyfully to God and happy in His love they work and wait, bravely and serenely, for the trials to come.

With their funds cut off from France they need money to carry on their work; to pay for teachers in the school and especially to buy medicines for the hospital where the poor of Sendai come by hundreds to receive treatment from the capable doctor.

The Sister Superior will tell you that the thought of her poor is with her night and day, and to have them go away unaided is the hardest trial of all for a missionary in Japan.

Let us pray that some hearts will be touched and money will come to lighten the burden of their struggle.



SISTERS OF ST. PAUL DE CHARTRES AT SENDAI, JAPAN.
(Two Japanese nuns are in this group.)

snow they seldom have a fire except in a small stove at the hospital. A few charcoal sticks are put in a bowl and these serve to warm their fingers.

But their greatest suffering comes from homesickness. The French are devoted to their country and find it hard to reconcile themselves to unfamiliar scenes. Under the shade of the convent the Sisters will show you a little garden of flowers raised from seeds sent out from France. How bright their eyes become when they show the little plants and how tenderly they care for each one. They are so far from home, so alone in the midst of these strangers that the least little remembrance from their own country brings tears to their eyes.

The LIFE OF JUST DE BRETENIÈRES

*Has been prepared by
Rev. John J. Dunn of
New York, and is for
sale at the Diocesan
Office - - - -*

MESSAGES OF ENCOURAGEMENT.

FROM AFRICA.

THROUGH the kindness of one of our benefactors, the little book—"Thoughts from Modern Martyrs"—was sent to Mother Mary Paul in the heart of Africa. This good American nun writes her word of appreciation, quoting from one of the young martyrs, "Pray and pray much for a vocation; it is in prayer that you will find your greatest strength." Mother Paul says that, "the thought suggested by Just De Bretenières came as a rebuke to her at a time when she was somewhat disappointed for lack of means. She writes:

"May the spirit of those martyrs direct us how to trust in God alone. Our hill is a busy place to-day. The usual retreat for the natives is in progress and the dear souls seem to be making most earnest preparations for the worthy reception of Penance and Holy Communion.

The priests are absolutely heroic in their labors and are availing themselves of every opportunity to reach the souls who are so dear to the Sacred Heart of Our Lord and who are so anxious to "make their Easter." Mass is well attended every day and a practical instruction is always given. At 11 o'clock during the retreat days, a visit to the Blessed Sacrament is made and at 2 o'clock in the afternoon, we have instruction and the rosary, and at 4 o'clock a sermon and evening prayers. Between times, the catechists are busy instructing little groups seated here and there about the Church veranda, and all day the hum of catechism recitations reaches one's ears from the catechumenates or school.

At 5.45 P. M. one would be struck with the silence when the natives have gone home to take their principal meal of boiled bananas and sweet potatoes. The great work of the day is over as I write and everyone is preparing for the rest so dearly earned. It is a glorious work and one wishes that there were no material needs to distract one from the all important duty of laboring for the glory of God. We feel the pinch of poverty, of course, but we are leaning all the more upon Providence which never imposes more than a trial of our faith.

It is quite wonderful how we have gone on since our arrival here and how our work has been supported and extended through various sources.

I enclose two photographs recently taken. We look more at home in the white habit which had to be worn instead of black in this tropical heat.

With renewed thanks and every kind wish to you and your many co-workers, I am,

Very gratefully yours in Xt.,

MOTHER MARY PAUL, O.S.F."

* *

Place a mite-box on your mantel shelf. Put several there if you will, each representing a different charity, and thus train yourself and others to remember a few of the many wants which are pressing some more closely than they are you. The prayers of your beneficiaries will bring back to you a needed grace.

FROM INDIA.

BISHOP AELEN writes:

Madras, India.

"I am so thankful to His Grace, the Archbishop of Boston, for the offering and draft of forty-two dollars (\$42.00). Enclosed is the receipt for the same.

I will send the money to the different Fathers and get the Masses said by them. They will be very thankful, for the Fathers you mention in your letter are very hard-working missionaries and in their zeal, they would do more if they only had the means.

I received your valuable paper, THE FIELD AFAR, and no doubt it is bound to do a great deal of good. When I see what the American Protestants do out here in India, I can come to no other conclusion except that our Catholic missions are not known in America.

With kindest regards to His Grace, the Archbishop and your good self, believe me,

Yours sincerely in Xt.,

* J. AELEN."

FR. AELEN, a nephew of the bishop, and laboring in the same diocese, writes:

Mutlur, Tenali Post,
Guntur District, British India,
June 13th, 1908.

"The last issue of THE FIELD AFAR to hand. First of all let me thank you from the bottom of my heart for the beautiful eulogy you gave on page 12 of us *Dutchmen*. I knew that many missionaries went forth from our dear Holland, but I did not know so exactly that we gave proportionally the most of all. Certainly if every *Dutch* family is like mine, we must beat every nationality. My great-uncle died a missionary in Kentucky, United States. Our present Coadjutor Bishop is my uncle; another relative of mine is a missionary in New Guinea, while a few cousins are studying who say that they, too, will come to the missions. Now you understand how glad I feel on account of the honor given to us Dutchmen in the last FIELD AFAR.

I have been very busy these last weeks and that in a temperature of about 100-110 Fahr. The reason is that our natives have the custom of celebrating marriages in the hottest months of the year, because no work is at hand then, and so they have plenty of time for their festivities.

Now the poor missionary has to knock about in that excessive heat from village to village to bless all these marriages. But for the last few days, the sky is cloudy and there are many signs that rain is coming. The hot season is over and the regular mission-work is going to be started again. A few days ago I got an application from a new village for instruction, and a week ago I baptized four adults. Moreover when there was cholera in our village during April and May, I baptized thirteen heathen children in articulo mortis.

A BOOK FOR YOUR BOY

NEW EDITION.

An American Missionary in Alaska.

A most interesting account of the work of Rev. William H. Judge, S.J., by

The Rev. C. J. Judge, S.S.

Two hundred and ninety-three pages, 16 photographs. Tastefully bound in cloth.

"An Inspiring Story."—Card. Gibbons.

PRICE, Postpaid. \$1.00

After all, though I have had a hard time of it, I am satisfied about the results.

Yours sincerely in Xto.,

J. AELEN, JNR.

P. S.—There I am. I did my best to write my letter according to the six "commandments" of page 11 of the last FIELD AFAR,—but on account of this, I forgot the main object of this letter, viz., to thank you very much for the stipends you sent me lately through the Bishop—very many thanks. These stipends are a great help to us and I shared them at once, so that they are now finished."

* *

FROM OTHER SOURCES.

ONE of our correspondents down in Frostburg, Md., writes:

"I bought a copy of 'A Modern Martyr' last summer and have read it through not less than four times and have not tired of it yet. Venerable Théophane is the most lovable little saint I ever read of. Surely all who read his beautiful letters must love him. I sincerely hope that he will be beatified this year. If he is, don't forget to publish the news in THE FIELD AFAR.

I find it a very interesting little paper and wish it came oftener. Show us pictures of all the missionaries you can. We like, when we read their letters, to know how they look. I would like very much to see pictures of Fathers John and William Fraser and Father A. Blesser."

"Miss — of D—, Illinois, requested me to send the enclosed 50 cents to you for renewal of her subscription to THE FIELD AFAR.

In glancing over a copy of *Colored Harvest* recently, I was pleased to see under the title "The Missionary" a chapter from the life of "Théophane Vénard." I rejoice to see that beautiful life widely circulated, it is so edifying and inspiring. I enjoy reading in THE FIELD AFAR about Father Eusebius and his home life. The little touches of humor are delightful."

* *

"They say to him: 'We have not so much as heard whether there be a Holy Ghost.'"
—Acts, XIX., 2.

* *

Pray for Catholic missionaries, priests, brothers, and nuns; and for their work. Missionaries need an abundance of grace to sustain the trials of life in their weariness of exile. The consciousness of our remembrance is an untold encouragement to them.

IN THE HOMES OF MARTYRS.

JUST DE BRETENIÈRES.

III.

I WAS hurrying back to Paris from Lyons and decided to break my journey by a second visit to the brother of *Just de Bretenières*. This would compel me to wait at Dijon until mid-night but it would give me further light on the character and home-surroundings of the young martyr of Korea; so I gathered my few belongings as we approached the city, *deposited* my bag and raincoat at the station, boarded a tram-car which I left as we came in view of St. Michael's Church, and found myself again in a few moments pulling the bell in the Rue Vannerie.

Monsieur de Bretenières was at home and soon we were chatting, comfortably seated in the attractive study which the Superior of the College of St. Francis de Sales has made of his family living-room. The apartment opens directly on the courtyard, the great glass-panelled doors, now pushed back to the inner walls, forming one of the windows. Interesting souvenirs of the family were all about me. A large portrait of *Just*, miniatures of his parents and relatives, dainty vases and rich bronzes, attracted the eye and made one wish for leisure to examine them. On the windows were hung stereopticon slides illustrating various portions of Eastern Europe and Northern Africa, for Christian de Bretenières has never lost the love for travel, fostered in earlier days by his parents. He has a most valuable collection of views prepared from his own photographs, which he uses in occasional lectures on art and archaeology. He has never visited America, however, as the Atlantic has always suggested too wide an expanse of water to attract him, although he has been tempted many times to overcome his aversion and respond to the oft-repeated invitation from his class-mate and much-loved friend, the Most Rev. Archbishop of Quebec.

The notes on his brother's life promised on the occasion of my earlier visit had been forwarded already to Paris—eight record books filled with fine handwriting—the 'family treasure,' as Fr. Christian called it. But there was need of photographs if *Just* were to be made known to Americans and among others it was thought by the visitor that the surviving brother of a real martyr would be a particularly welcome subject. Unfortunately, Fr. Christian, though quite familiar with

cameras, had never placed any value on negatives that bore his own likeness and if he had ever made one he certainly had not kept it. So out in the courtyard this worthy gentleman soon found himself with his importunate friend from the west lands and there he had to submit to an operation the timeliness of which he had good reason to question. For the day was well advanced and snapshots decline in effect with the sun. A suggestion of the original would be better than nothing, however, even if the result should be uncomplimentary to the victim.

As I folded the instrument the signal for dinner was sounding and the faculty of the College assembled. Three tables formed a hollow square in the spacious dining hall. Fr. de

parish on the outskirts of the city the newly appointed Bishop had been publicly insulted and church services interfered with by the anti-clericals. Dijon, Fr. Christian admitted, was in a pretty bad condition, morally. The children, deprived of Christian teaching, had already begun to show the effects of Godless instruction and constant malicious insinuation against the Church. The Sisters who had been turned out of the local hospital were replaced by lay nurses under the supervision of Protestant matrons, who were known bigots. The streets were not safe at night and Fr. de Bretenières himself would never walk alone or unarmed after nine o'clock. Insults from men and women were frequent and savage high-way assaults not uncommon.



ST. MICHAEL'S CHURCH, DIJON, FRANCE.

Bretenières took his place as superior at the centre, overlooking the entire community. The meal was simple, plainly served and somewhat hurried. When grace had been said at its close, my host beckoned me to follow, led the way through a small door-way into a private corridor which conducted us to a drawing-room of the old chateau. The furnishings were particularly attractive and I would have lingered, but we passed again into the study where over coffee and cigars (a somewhat rare article in the presbyteries of France, by the way,) Fr. Christian talked of recent happenings at Dijon, where the Church had been especially tried,—of his own college and other institutions which he had helped to found and which were now threatened with ruin.

He described in detail an incident of the preceding Sunday where in a small

in the course of our conversation we turned frequently to the subject of his brother's life. One characteristic of the young martyr which his brother felt had never been properly appreciated was an intense love of poverty which absorbed his whole nature. *Just* was particularly attracted and influenced by the lives of St. Theresa and St. John of the Cross, and before he left the Paris Seminary he had advanced further in spiritual perfection than even his closest companions realized.

When I recalled this testimony, a day or two later in Paris at the hospitable table of the Missions Etrangères, Fr. Delpeche, the venerable Superior, who remembers *Just de Bretenières* with much affection, and who himself had confessed the faith, said: "Ah! Bretenières carried the spirit of poverty to its very limit." I remembered seeing at Dijon a faded

hat, with a patched cassock which *Just* insisted on wearing till he left France, and Fr. Delpeche now reminded me of an incident connected with *Just's* departure, when the young missionary, before boarding the train for Marseilles, gave away his last copper, saying to his companion, "for more than twenty years I have longed to be poor and I am so at last."

His humility was no less admirable than his love of poverty and this characteristic of his brother's life has left a deep impression on Fr. Christian. *Just* saw much of the peasants at Bretenières and was always anxious to conceal the slightest appearance of superiority. He made himself one with them so that when he spoke to them of God—they would believe in his sincerity. The same trait was noticed later when occasionally he would go out from the mission-house in Paris to work among the quarry-men. On these occasions, convinced that the laborers, though poor and ignorant, were children of God, he would set before himself the task of gaining a soul. Casting aside his hat and book, rolling up his sleeves and shortening his cassock, he would seize a pick-axe, a hand-spike or a crow-bar to help some nearly exhausted toiler.

At Meudon, the summer-house of the Paris Seminary, there is a retired spot on the grounds—known to-day as *Just's* hermitage. Here the future martyr spent much of his free time and more than once he was found there before dawn on his knees, so absorbed in prayer that the rabbits, coming out of the woods, frolicked about him in perfect freedom. To-day a small cross cut in the bark of the tree under whose branches he was wont to kneel, marks the place which is used by the students as a shrine.

His desire for martyrdom was also manifested to Fr. Christian. *Just* had long cherished this desire but often said that he was "not the stuff out of which martyrs are made." After his ordination it seems that diffidence on this point disappeared and quietly he looked forward with a holy joy to his own opportunity to perform this "heroic act of love" as he called martyrdom. When he was assigned to the Korean mission—the most dangerous field at that time—he could not conceal his happiness.

On the occasion of my earlier visit to Dijon I had noticed among the souvenirs of *Just*, a rose, waxed and encased in glass; and remembering that there was in Mgr. D'Hulst's Life an allusion to this flower, I asked for the facts.

Fr. Christian told me what doubtless many of our readers know already, that when *Just* was still a boy, his mother sent him one day to bring to the Sisters of Charity in Dijon, a rose-bush for the convent garden. The little bush took root, produced leaves in regular abundance, but never flowered. Years later, when *Just* had already arrived in Korea, the nuns found on the bush one morning a solitary rose, and later it was remarked that this red flower had appeared, so far as could be learned, simultaneously with the martyr's sacrifice of blood.

As Fr. Christian finished this incident we heard a foot-step on the gravel of the court-yard and a moment later a young priest appeared in



CHRISTIAN DE BRETENIÈRES.
Superior, College of St. Francis de Sales, Dijon,
France.

the door-way dressed in the habit of the Assumptionists. He was a trifle embarrassed as Fr. Christian did not recognize him and he had come to ask shelter for the night. The Superior at once assented and was about to direct him to the procurator's room, when looking more closely at his visitor he recognized in him a former pupil of the College, gave him a warm welcome and bade him be seated.

The young priest had been driven into exile several months before and had found hospitality beyond the Pyrenees, in Spain; but he had found no opportunity to work and upon further application to his Superior-General he had just been assigned to

THOUGHTS FROM MODERN MARTYRS

(Second Edition—Reduced Prices.)

BY

JAMES ANTHONY WALSH, M. Ap.

This dainty volume contains selected thoughts from the letters of three young martyr-priests, former students at the Paris Seminary for Foreign Missions.

JUST DE BRETENIÈRES,
THÉOPHANE VÉNARD,
HENRY DORIE.

PRICE,

In Cloth,	50 cents
In Leather, full, flexible red calf, with photogravures,	75 cents.

PROPAGATION OF THE FAITH OFFICE
Union Park St., Boston.

a field of labor in Chili, So. America.

He was now passing once more through France and stayed over at Dijon to say good-by to his family, whose members resided in the neighborhood. On his way from the railway station that night he had been insulted several times, but he made light of this trial.

When he had left us to take his rest, Fr. de Bretenières, noticing that the hour was growing late, made a search for some mementos which it occurred to him I should like to have;—photographs of the martyr, of his parents, of Christian himself, when he was a student at the Sorbonne in Paris, of the two brothers on the eve of the departure—all precious souvenirs of a most profitable visit.

Then selecting a stout stick and putting on his broad-brimmed hat, we passed together out into the court-yard, through several corridors, until by a side exit we reached the public street and started off at a fairly brisk pace for the station.

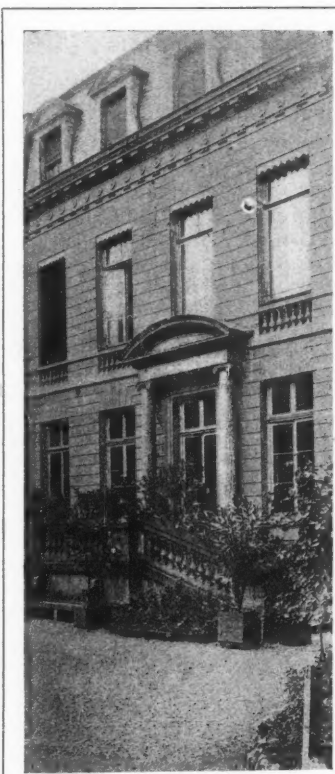
He looked like a soldier in the garb of a priest, this man, who I had already learned was a power in the Church, and a worthy brother of the martyr, whose valiant spirit he shares. We reached the station in good time. It was big, gloomy and quite deserted. Through the waiting-room we passed out onto the platform and trackage area, and only when he had placed me in a compartment and provided me with a pillow for the night would my worthy host take his departure.

I was glad to have had the privilege of meeting this priest and to have impressed him with my interest in his brother. Truly a prophet is without honor among his own. In Dijon, Fr. Christian had told me—"Just is forgotten."

The car-doors began to bang—an engine bumped ungraciously against our waiting coach and ran it down

a siding to the train which had just arrived from the South.

Darkening the compartment, I placed the pillow at one end of the long seat and stretched my coat on its length. Happy thought! A peasant in blouse and great felt-hat was just mounting. He was somewhat heavy with liquor and in a mood to fight for his rights with the conductor who, after one vigorous remonstrance, allowed him to enter the corridor. The undesirable passenger came directly to the door of my compartment which at that moment I was guarding, and which I had been confidently assured I should have to myself.



THE COURT-YARD OF THE COLLEGE OF ST. FRANCIS DE SALES.

But my own rights were limited and I stepped back to make room for this king of the soil. With a leer at me he turned his eyes on the darkened prostrate form (my hat was now on the pillow above the coat) gave a grunt, and muttering, found his way to another section. I breathed a sigh of relief, feeling a trifle selfish, I must confess, as I wondered who had drawn this prize which I was so content to lose. As we steamed slowly away from Dijon I thought of *Just de Bretenières* taking a similar ride to the same point of destination. The scenes of his life and the thought

of his early martyrdom mingled with my recent experience kept sleep from my eyes, but at last after several turnings of the hired pillow and many a shift of my coverlet, the kindly rain-coat, I slumbered, and awakening in Paris at 5.30 A. M. was soon on my way to the Rue du Bac.

* *

HONORS TO RECENT MARTYRS.

SINCE our last issue, several alumni of the Paris Seminary, together with some native Christians of Tonkin, have been declared true martyrs and the decree of their Beatification was read on Aug. 3, in presence of his Holiness, Pope Pius X. Our readers will be glad to learn that Théophane Vénard is on this list and that his actual beatification will now be not long delayed. From Fr. Fleury, the Superior of the *Missions Etrangères*, we have received the Latin text of the Decree which has been translated for THE FIELD AFAR readers.

Decree of Beatification, or of the Declaration of Martyrdom of the Venerable Servants of God,—

Stephen Théodore Cuénot, Bishop of Metellopolis, John Peter Néel, Peter Francis Néron, Théophane Vénard, Missionaries Apostolic and their companions, put to death by the pagans through hatred of the Faith.

When in the middle of the last century in China and in the neighboring countries, a most atrocious persecution was begun against the Christians, scenes similar to those in the days of the primitive Church were enacted: on one side, a ferocious cruelty; on the other, admirable examples of courage and invincible constancy. To the Acts of the Martyrs was thus added another bloody page; thus was realized once more the divine oracle: "For they will deliver you up in councils, and they will scourge you in their synagogues. And you shall be brought before governors, and before kings for my sake, for a testimony to them and to the Gentiles." (Matthew, x., 18.) This testimony given, not only by ministers of the altar, but also by citizens of every condition, shows plainly that the work of God cannot be destroyed by the sword, nor by fire, nor by persecution of any kind, and even while the impious were crying out that all was over with the Christian religion, that faith was flourishing again through new prodigies in a new shedding of blood.

BISHOP CUÉNOT.

The first to present himself in this noble combat, the first in order of dignity, is the Venerable servant of God, Stephen Théodore Cuénot, Bishop of Metellopolis. French by birth. Having gone to the kingdom of Annam to propagate there the religion of Christ, he was made prisoner, and thrown into a noisome shed, where he

could neither stand upright, nor stretch himself out; after having suffered numberless torments he died—probably poisoned—on December 18, 1861, a short time before the sentence of capital punishment was promulgated against him—a sentence which condemned him to suffer a hundred wounds and to be decapitated.

JOHN PETER NÉEL.

The following year, John Peter Néel, French, having penetrated into the Chinese Empire, was denounced as a preacher of the Faith, loaded with chains, and conducted to the pretorium or official residence; then, fastened to the tail of a horse, he was dragged by the animal, urged on to a gallop, suffered all sorts of outrages and tortures, and was finally decapitated.

FRS. NÉRON AND VÉNARD.

About the same time, two other preachers of the Faith, also French, and prepared as were the preceding two, at the Paris Seminary of Foreign Missions, received the crown of martyrdom. One of them was Peter Francis Néron, who, after having labored in the kingdom of Annam, was put in chains and thrown into a dungeon. After three months of captivity, he was beaten with rods, and when, on the second day after his flagellation, food was brought to him, he said, "Remove it. I will take no more earthly nourishment." During twenty-one days he ate nothing, and still his strength did not decrease. Struck down at last by the axe, he finished his course gloriously. The other, Théophane Vénard, Missionary at Tonkin, was put to death by blows of the sword for having refused to trample upon the Cross.

NATIVE MARTYRS.

Seven native priests from these same regions, are added to the list of the above. Having had their heads cut off, they have merited the immortal crown. These are the Venerable Servants of God: Paul Loc, Pierre Lun, Jean Hoan, Pierre Qui, Paul Tinh, Laurient Huong, Pierre Khanh. Others also, from among the people,—for the most part, auxiliaries to the missionaries, or catechists,—condemned to various punishments, have by their sufferings and death, given testimony of their faith. Some had their necks cut with a saw, as in the case of Matthew Nguyen, doctor; Michael Ho Dinh Hy, prefect of the royal palace; Francis Thung, decurion; Peter Vau, Jerome Lou, Tin Mey, Laurient Ouang, Joseph Tchang, Paul Tchen, Jean-Baptiste Lo, Martin Ou, Jean Tchang. Others hanged were: Joseph Le Dang Thi, centurion; Emmanuel Phung, Joseph Tchang Ta Pong. Others suffered refined tortures: Paul Hanh, from whose legs flesh was torn three times with cold pincers, three times with red hot pincers. Others were exiled, and scarcely had they arrived at the place to which they had been sent, than they died there of the bad treatment which they had endured: André Nam-Thuoug, Joseph Lun. These were not wanting, besides, women of virile hearts: First, two virgins, Agatha Lin and Lucie Y. with their companion Martha Ouang, widow, who all obtained by decapitation the crown of martyrdom: Agnes Li Thi Thanh, distended violently upon the cross, received thereby, wounds so cruel, that she died soon after.

SERAPHIN, CARDINAL CRETONI,

Prefect of the Sacred Congregation of Rites, Archbishop of Laodicea, Secretary.

BRIGHT STAR COMMERCIAL SCHOOL.

For several years we have noticed from time to time in connection with Japanese reports the quite familiar name of Nicholas Walter. We are pleased to-day to give our readers a portrait of this good missionary and a glimpse into his life.

JUST two days ago, I received the last number of *THE FIELD AFAR*, for which I thank you most heartily. Inre-



THE REV. NICHOLAS WALTER,
Director Bright Star Commencement School,
Osaka, Japan.

turn I send you under separate cover, the 4th number of our *Bright Star Magazine*. The paper has no value of any kind, but the little Japanese stories in an English garb, somewhat resemble Japanese flowers transplanted in an English garden where they retain something of their native scent, and you may rest assured it does not smack of war, notwithstanding all that Major Hobron may say to the contrary.

Now, as you asked me for some more news about your Japanese correspondent, I may tell you that I was born on the 31st of March, 1861, in the Parish of St. Ann, Yenning's Co., Indiana. My father, one of the early settlers of New Alsace, is still living, a great old man of 74, who lives on his farm out in the country, but goes to holy Mass every day of the year. I lost my mother the year I came to Japan, 1887. At the age of 10, I went to the Convent of St. Mary's, Dayton, Ohio, where I entered the postulate of the Brothers of Mary and began to learn my A. B. C. for I had no opportunity of going to school before that. My father's house was about 10 miles from St. Ann's church, so it was impossible to go to school there. True there was a public school at Zenas, near our house, and I do remember having gone there about a month, but one day my elder

sister, about 9 years old, got whipped by the teacher, and by way of protest I, a youngster of 8 at the time, jumped out of the window and that was the last I saw of a school until I went to the convent at the age of 10. I made my first vows at sixteen and was sent by my superiors to France to study for the priesthood. I spent ten years in France from 1877-1887, on the school benches nearly all the time, first in Besançon, then at Paris, where I graduated at the Institut Catholique, securing the Licentiate in Theology in June, 1887. I was ordained priest on Sept. 22 of the same year and was sent by my superiors to Japan, to begin the work of Christian education in the land of the Rising Sun.

I spent ten years in Tokyo, 3 in Nagasaki and this is now the 8th year I am spending in Osaka.

The picture you will get under a separate cover will show you that I enjoy yet good health and am ready to work still many long years in this most interesting corner of our dear Lord's vineyard. Unfortunately the number of laborers does not suffice, we cannot join both ends any more and are obliged to postpone all kinds of work, for want of men.

OUR LADY OF THE ROSARY.

Through thee, to us, our Saviour came,—

Through thee, to Him, we fain would go,—

Our lives are marred by wrong and shame,

Yet, confidence in thee we know.

The friendship thou dost give to all

Who love thy name, shall ever be

Assurance thou wilt hear our call,—

Sweet Lady of the Rosary!

Thou art our Strength upon the way,—

Our Morning Star, to cheer and guide;

Our Beacon Light to show the day,

And lead us to the Saviour's Side;

A Comforter in ev'ry pain

We find, O Mother blest, in thee,—

And seek we, never, thee in vain,—

Fair Lady of the Rosary!

Thy praises, Mary, we would sing,

And all our faculties employ

That unto thee our hearts might bring

A glory-crown of love and joy.

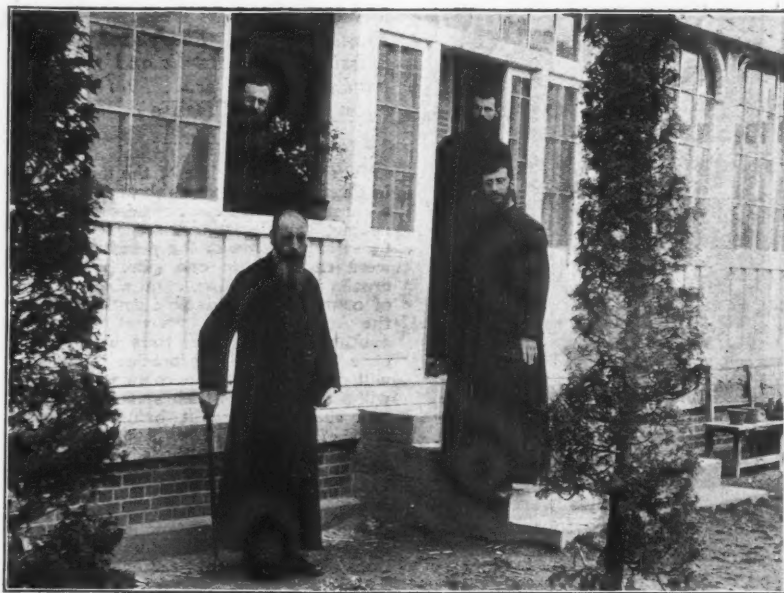
Bless thou each humble effort made

In thy regard, and grant that we

May by thy influence be swayed,

Our Lady of the Rosary!

AMADEUS, O. S. F.



FR. JACQUET,
Vicar-General of Hakodate, with some of his missionaries

I would like to recommend to the generosity of your readers the Catholic Sodality we have formed among our pupils. The members are mostly Catechumens, about 10 baptized boys and 60 catechumens belonging to the best families of Osaka.

We have a little meeting every month, when the boys treat before

their comrades Christian subjects which they have carefully prepared beforehand, eliminating questions of dogma, and touching many other useful matters on religion.

I am looking for funds to buy them cheap and good religious reading matter, Yours most gratefully,

NICHOLAS WALTER.

OUR YOUNG APOSTLES.

A TRIP TO CHINA.

COMPOSITION BY MARY LYONS.

CHILDREN OF MARY'S SODALITY, ST. PETER'S, DORCHESTER.

IT is a stormy winter evening, and as I lie back in my chair and close my book, my mind goes back to a lecture I attended on missionary work in China and Japan, with just a glimpse of France.

In fancy, I find myself going down the main street of Paris. Small stores built closely together line each side and I can see through their windows many pretty trinkets. Fruit stands are placed here and there, and their owners are calling loud their wares.

I walk on, and soon come to a doorway in a large building. Here a poor beggar is sitting, and, as I pass, I drop a penny into his hat. I go through a passageway, and to my surprise, I find it opens into a massive garden. Flowers of many species grow here, but my attention is drawn to a large, sober-looking building, which I know to be the Mission House. A small, square door opens into the garden, and through that very door many brave young priests went forth to meet their deaths in martyrdom in China and Japan.

But I must not remain in France, as the object of my thoughts is the Orient, so I immediately transport myself to China. Innumerable boats are lying upon the banks of the river as I land, and in these live many families whose members, perhaps, have never set foot on land. The chatter and dress of the natives and the closeness of the air makes quite a contrast to sunny France.

I try to find my way into the city and to the Mission House, where I am to spend the day, and after much difficulty, I succeed in doing so. I obtain a lunch and then visit the school taught by the Catholic Brothers.

I enter softly and my approach is not heard by the class, but one small boy near the door, with curiosity not uncommon to our own small school boys, turns, and I see a mischievous young face. But I assure you the school looks very funny. The pupils are seated upon stools, using long benches for desks. I have to smile at the many long cues, but their eager young faces look very interesting as they pursue their study with enthusiasm.

I walk up to the Brother who is teaching them, and I find that he does not speak English. As I turn to leave the room a voice calls out, "Hello, where are you going?"

I turn and see what I suppose is a Chinaman coming toward me.

"Do you speak English?" I ask.

"Yes, indeed," he replies, "sure I came from Cork and have been here for many years."

He now tells me that the priests gain more respect by assuming the garb of the native, and also of the hardships endured by them and others in the remoter parts of the country.

I now go into the other classes and every pupil is studying diligently. In another room many novices for the priesthood are receiving instructions.

But when the time comes for recreation, children pour from all sides and

martyr is working down at the "Salt Marsh." I wend my way there as I am so anxious to meet a member of the family, and for the first time in my life, witness the preparation of salt by evaporation.

I go on and pass a river, where the last rays of the setting sun tinge it with its beautiful hues and reflect on its surface the trees that majestically grow upon its banks.

I now travel on to my own home, and, as I arrive there safely, I think of the advantages the American children have over the young folks of other countries, and I cannot help but wonder if any of my friends or I will ever become missionaries in foreign lands.



A TYPICAL MISSIONARY'S HOME IN CHINA.

I am as happy," writes the occupant, "in this thatched hut as an American rector in any one of the most beautiful presbyteries that I have seen in the United States."

raise their youthful voices in laughter and snatches of song, the air of which is familiar, but the words I cannot understand.

As the day is drawing to a close, I bid good-bye to China and on my way home, I again pass through France, but this time I pass through a country and peasant district. There humble gray cottages are overrun with crimson ramblers, and make a beautiful harmony against the balmy southern sky. In one of these cottages I am particularly interested, it being the birthplace of one of our modern martyrs, Henry Dorie, who shed his blood for the faith in Korea, March, 1866. I step up to the door to seek admittance, but am told by a neighbor that the family is away for the day, but that a brother of the

Two Books which every boy should read are

"A Modern Martyr"

(The story of Théophane Vénard, beheaded for the faith in Tonkin)

AND

An American Missionary

(The travels and labors of an American priest in far-off Alaska)

Ask for these books at the Public Library

FROM THE FIELD.

INDIA.

WRITING of the natural predilection which many who become interested in foreign missions seem to have for China, one of our correspondents in the diocese of Madras says:

"When I was a boy, I was always told about China,—of Mandarins, of children thrown to the dogs, etc. Still my own mind was always on India. I dreamt of fakirs and Brahmins. I heard the rustling of the leaves on the palm-trees and pitied the miserable pariahs. The fact cannot be denied, however, that in Europe sympathy is largely with China. There is not much space given to India. Now I wish to make known more and more this beautiful country with its eternal sunshine and clear horizon, with its interesting caste system. Do you know that India, although only one-third the size of Europe contains nearly as many inhabitants, viz. 300,000,000,—almost one-fifth of the world's population. Do you know that we have 30 dioceses with nearly 2,000,000 Catholics. Do you know that the Hindu religion is the oldest on earth except the Jewish? Do you know that the Hindus possess in their four Vedas the oldest books on earth? (Perhaps the Pentateuch of Moses is older). Why are they trying to find out the old religions of Babylon, of Egypt? Here you have a religion perhaps older than theirs with the same institutions and same customs. Hinduism is the only religion that does not concentrate around one person like Mahomedanism and Confucianism and also Christianity. In this respect Hinduism is undoubtedly the most interesting religion on earth. It is the only religion that has never had a founder, the only religion in existence that has developed from the revelation given to Adam and Noe. Read their sacred books and you will find proof in the oldest that there was a time when our Hindus, too, adored only one God. I like this country, I like its people; I thank God that he has sent me to India."

* *

CHINA.

A MISSIONARY from Swatow writes that he has labored in his present mission for the past ten years, and that although he has been in several parishes he has never found one more deserving or more forsaken than Swatow, which is in the Province of Kwang-tung, one of the most important ports in China, and quite renowned for its great trade with Hongkong and other Eastern ports.

The articles of merchandise sent away from Swatow are principally medicines, all kinds of lace work and drawn work, jewelry and Chinese carvings, also sugar and indigo. Thousands upon thousands of Chinese coolies come and go from this port.

Fr. Douspis, writing of this mission, says that the inland traffic is now conducted by a railway line and also by a number of steamers that sail on the river.

Up to less than four years ago the

only possession of Catholics in all of Swatow was a little dwelling house which served both as a rectory and a church. It proved altogether too small and the bishop managed to get a better site, with accommodation for the priest in charge, that is quite satisfactory, but, and here is a big "but" there is no room for the people, and unfortunately open-air meetings are not practical here. Good Fr. Douspis writes:

"I have been plotting and planning for the past three long years to secure from some part of the earth a little help. I have repeatedly appealed to our bishop, but found that it was impossible for him to give me more than encouraging words.

In the olden days we had recourse to many individuals in France who were open to appeals for work such as I am doing, but times are changed in that section of the world. My plan is to provide for 500 Christians to-day and perhaps for 1,000



FR. AELEN.

Fr. Aelen was born in Holland in 1876, and is the second oldest of eleven children. He entered a preparatory diocesan school at twelve years of age and was ordained priest in 1901. Shortly afterwards he asked and obtained permission from his bishop to join the Mill Hill Foreign Mission Society, and after spending eight months in England, he was appointed to assist the coadjutor bishop of Madras, India.

before long. These good people are strongly urging me to start the work, but they do not realize the expenditures which must be undergone. They are very willing to help me as far as they can, but the most they can do will be the contribution of an occasional day's labor, as most of them are extremely poor and depend entirely upon the small wages which they receive daily.

* *

AFRICA.

FR. BURNS writes:

Mill Hill Mission, Nyanga,
care Jinja P. Office,
Uganda Protectorate.

"I have been travelling for the past month and am now on the Uganda side of Lake Victoria.

As you are doubtless aware, the north of Lake Victoria is studded with islands. These were formerly very thickly populated as fish are eagerly sought for by the Baganda on the mainland. We had formerly two flourishing mission stations on the larger of these islands, viz., on the Islands of Buvuma and Kome. Sleeping sickness when it appeared some eight years ago fastened on all the islands and took off thousands of the inhabitants. The missions were given up and now Bishop Hanlon has appointed me to look after the islands of the Buvuma Mission. On account of fear of infection I can only remain for short periods on the islands and must go alone as natives from the mainland are forbidden by the Government to embark on the Lake. In order to enforce these regulations and to prevent the disease from spreading most of the boats have been burnt and the few left have been registered. I am leaving for Buvuma Island on June 4th and will spend a month visiting the Catholics on the Islands. Dr. Koch has been out here to investigate into the sickness, but gave up and now that all human help seems impossible and of no avail, our only efforts must be directed towards preparing them for their last end. On my return from the islands I will write you at further length. Trusting you will note my new address as above, and recommending the cause of the sleeping-sickness stricken to you charitable prayers, I remain,

Yours very sincerely in J. C.,

FRANCIS M. BURNS."

EN FRANÇAIS

POUR SERVIR COMME LIVRE DE
DISTRIBUTION DE PRIX.

LE MARTYR DE FUTUNA.

Vie du Bienheureux Pierre-Louis-Marie
Chanel

Prêtre-Mariste
et PREMIER MARTYR de L'Océanie
Par le R. P. NICOLET.

Troisième Edition: 16 gravures, hors texte.

Un livre dont la lecture est pleine de charme et d'éducation.—Card. Coullié, Archev. de Lyon.

Cette édition a été préparée par les soins du Directeur Diocésain de la Propagation de la Foi à Boston. Lors d'un voyage en France, Mr. l'Abbé Walsh eut le plaisir de faire la connaissance de la famille du Martyr, et de visiter les autres lieux honorés par la présence du Bienheureux. Plusieurs intéressantes photographies qui servent d'illustrations à cet ouvrage, sont un fruit de ce pèlerinage; les autres ont été reçues directement de l'Île de Futuna où le Bienheureux cueillit la palme du martyre.

L'auteur a été bien compétent pour chroniquer le martyre de Futuna comme celle du bienheureux martyr. L'ouvrage devient de plus en plus intéressant lorsque l'auteur décrit le martyre, qui est narré avec tant de maîtrise. Le biographe a tracé un portrait vivant, sa mort sublime du Père Chanel et de son amour d'âme pour Dieu—ce dernier élément cristallise l'histoire et la rend digne d'être lue de tous.

Salem, Mass. M. L.
Prix de l'ouvrage relié, percaline, solide, titre doré: 1 franc, \$1.00.

S'adresser

BUREAU DE LA PROPAGATION DE LA FOI
Union Park Street, Boston, Mass.

HERE AND THERE.

THE PROPAGANDA REPORT, published in Rome, announces a remarkable gain in Africa. During five years, between 1902 and 1907, the Catholics increased from 98,832 to 845,730.

It is claimed that 96 per cent. of the children in Japan, who are of school age, are today enrolled on the public-school lists, and that there is less illiteracy in the island empire than in our own country. School attendance is compulsory at twelve years.

Our lawyers may be interested to know that theirs is the most crowded profession in India. The Law appeals strongly to the acute Indian mind and is the one subject to whose literature the natives have made any considerable contribution.

The Belgian Jesuits are sending out to India sixteen missionaries to re-enforce their work in that country.

Three other Jesuits have been assigned to Ceylon and will leave Genoa Oct. 14th. Of these two are natives of Belgium and the third, Charles Piler, is from Brooklyn, U. S.

Old maids are said to be very scarce in the Orient. The bridegroom in many of these countries, is not supposed to see his bride until after marriage. The choice is made by his mother.

BISHOP MUTEL of Korea is in Europe to secure some sisters for the establishment of a teachers' school which he is anxious to found at Seoul and of which there is urgent need. Up to the present his efforts have been in vain. The congregations in France have been so widely scattered and their recruits so few that they recoil before the responsibility of a new foundation. He recommends the work to our prayers and those of our many helpers.

SOME months ago Sister Xavier Berkeley of Ning-Po, China, sent to the diocesan office several pieces of exquisite embroidery which were disposed of before we had a chance to exhibit them to any extent.

We sent to China the proceeds of these sales and told Sister Xavier to prepare another consignment. This has been done and is now on its way to Boston. It includes table-covers, table centrepieces, scarfs, tea-tray cloths, cushion-covers and satins, all the work of the convent.

AN idea of distance and inconvenience of transportation may be gained from the Borneo letter which follows. In this letter is announced the shipment to Boston of a case of curios which have not yet arrived at the Diocesan office. We are glad, however, to say that a late notification advises us that the steamer bearing these articles has been docked.

Kuching, Borneo, June 26th, 1908.

"I came here the other day for a flying visit to Kuching and brought with me some Dyak curios for you, a list of which you will find enclosed herein.

Among other things are two Dyak spears, the handles being too long for a box, I have cut them in two diagonally so that you can easily get them joined together again.

Father Hardegger will send the case containing these things off by the steamer which leaves here on the 30th inst. and I hope they will arrive safely at their destination.

A Modern Martyr

is now in its

Fifth Thousand

These letters of Théopane Vénard have brought comfort and light to many a soul. They are a household treasure. The book has been perfected in the latest edition and the large sale has enabled us to reduce the price to ninety cents; postpaid, \$1.00

The complete collection of Théopane Vénard's letters, prepared by his brother, Eusebius, Curé d'Assais, France, is now printed in French.

PROPAGATION OF THE FAITH OFFICE

62 Union Park St., Boston, Mass.



A GROUP OF CHRISTIAN CHILDREN IN BORNEO.
(The two nuns are from Holland.)

Our work at Kanawit and neighborhood has been making considerable progress of late now that the country is quieter—God grant that hostilities may not break out again—these are the signs that the rebels are getting tired and want to submit to government.

Asking a continual remembrance in your prayers, believe me,

Yours sincerely,

EDMUND DUNN.

WHEN the students of the French Seminary at Rome were presented recently to the Holy Father, their representative alluded to the trials of the Church, mentioning as the hardest of these, the conditions existing in France.

The Pope at once replied: "Don't deceive yourself. It is true that my greatest trials come from France. But in the midst of these trials, it is from France that I receive the sweetest consolations. The perfect union of her bishops has merited the admiration of the world. The excellent priests and her worthy faithful are fully obedient to the See of Peter. I have the highest hopes of the nation which shows itself so valiant.

France has always been first in works of charity. She has carried the light of the Gospel to many nations. I find a holy joy in the union of bishops and priests with the Vicar of Jesus Christ on earth."

NOTES AND COMMENTS.

THE British and Foreign Bible Society (Protestant) now distributes the Scriptures in four hundred different languages. Within the past few years twelve additional languages have been added to the list.

THE "Catechism on Modernism," published by the New York office of the Society for the Propagation of the Faith will be sent to any address on receipt of twenty-five cents in stamps.

A WARM friend of The Society for the Propagation of the Faith, Mr. Claude Charaux, died lately in France. Mr. Charaux was an honorary professor in the Faculty of Letters at Grenoble, and was considered a master in contemporary thought and an eloquent example of the union between faith and reason.

AN Anglican Monthly recently maintained that an army of one million missionaries could be supported in the foreign field by the fragments that would be guaranteed, if every baptized member of His Church learned economy of Jesus Christ and took the utmost care that nothing be lost.

THE Seminarians at Canton recite the Rosary every day for the intentions of all who are recommended to their prayers. Every Wednesday, they pray at Mass for the intention of the Holy Father, for all the Archbishops and Bishops in the world and for their special benefactors.

TO-DAY there are more than 200 newspapers in China where ten or twelve years ago there were almost none. The Chinese paper is an odd looking sheet about forty inches wide and twelve inches from top to bottom. The paper is very thin and delivered in the form of a roll, which the reader usually tears off section by section as he has finished each.

A TRAVELLER in the Far East reports that the oldest continuous foreign resident in Manchuria is a native of Massachusetts, Capt. Smith, who arrived in the far East as a Pilot more than forty years ago, and still "plies his craft" in the waters of North China.

The same writer adds: "There are no American missionaries in this part of China. English, Scotch and Irish Protestant and the French Catholic missionaries occupy the field almost entirely, and are scattered throughout the interior."

Charity that works only at home is not charity but justice: charity of its nature works outward.

"Charity does not seek the things that are its own."—Cor. XIII. 5.

AN American who recently attended one of our Church services in China realizes that the Chinese idea of harmony is quite different from ours. He writes:

"Chinese can be taught to sing, but their ideas of harmony are different from ours. I have never heard anything like their singing of the two hymns. When it was over, one felt jarred and bewildered, though exceedingly thankful that it was indeed over. It did not accord with the evident reverence and devotion of the rest of the service, and yet one saw that the Chinese themselves found it edifying.

Catholic world contributes about £260,000 (1,300,000 Dollars) to the Association for the Propagation of the Faith.

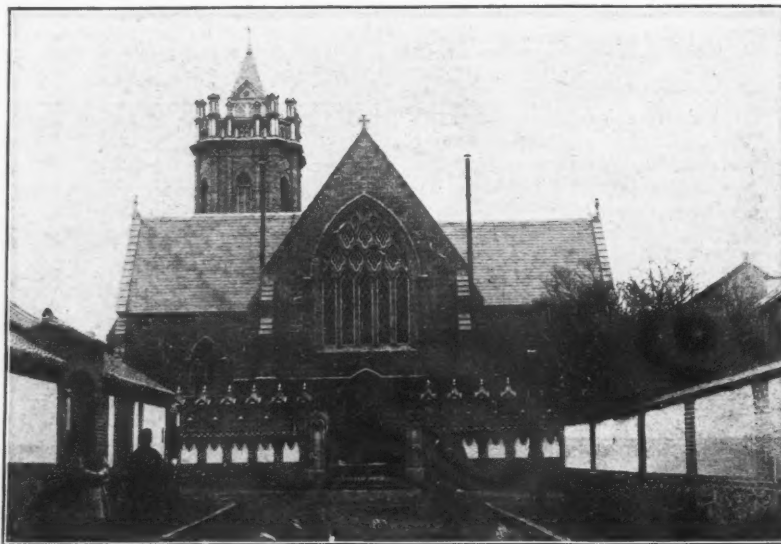
If the Association were to collect (as it might readily do through its correspondents) statistics showing the efforts made severally in all countries on behalf of the Catholic Missions outside their own borders, the publication of this information in a collected form would not only be highly instructive but would have the effect of bringing home to the people their shortcomings in this respect and waking them up to a greater sense of their duty.

With all good wishes for the progress of your fine work in the United States.

Yours very sincerely,

G. T. LAMBERT.

The three great plagues of paganism are pride, sensuality and avarice.



THE CATHOLIC CHURCH IN CHEFOO, CHINA.

Built by one benefactor, a Mr. Fergusson, who some thirty years ago was the Acting Consul in Chefoo for several countries. It was designed after a little Church in his native town in England. It is very small inside, and the cruciform shape is inconvenient, as the nave of the Church is only the same size as the side chapels. Nevertheless it is the largest and best built church in the whole Vicariate; the other chapels only resembling the low dwelling houses of the natives. It serves as the Cathedral, since the Vicar Apostolic, Mgr. Césaire Schang, usually resides at Chefoo. The window on the right side, in the photo, is that of the Bishop's room. The tower of the Church has been added later, and contains two bells.

SIR GEORGE LAMBERT of London, in forwarding a remittance for **THE FIELD AFAR** writes:

"It may be of interest to you to have statistics of contributions made in England alone last year to some of the Protestant Missionary Societies. Here is a list taken from published statements:—

London Missionary Society	£151,000
Society for Propagation of Gospel	186,000
Society for Promoting Christian Knowledge	47,000
Wesleyan Methodist Missionary Society	200,000
Church Missionary Society	376,000
Missions to Seamen	50,000
Bible Society	239,000

Here is a sum of over one million and a quarter pounds Sterling (6,275,000 Dollars) contributed in one year for these seven Missionary Societies, while the whole

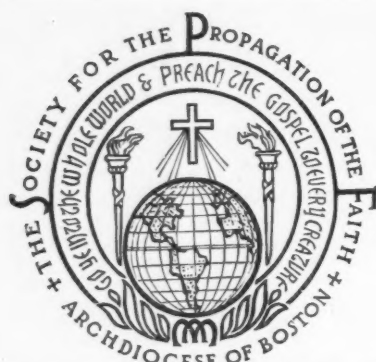
If you would be edified and strengthened in your faith study the lives of modern martyrs.

Superstition, cruelty, the general forms of vice, and abject misery hold in chains people of other lands, who, if they knew the truth of Christ would in their freedom, serve Him truthfully. You can help to strike off these fetters.

"We have groped for the wall like the blind; we have groped as if we had no eyes; we have stumbled at noonday as if in the darkness we are in the dark places as dead men."—Isaiah I, 9.

Pray for the Missions and for the development of a missionary spirit among the Catholics of America.

For Missionary Publications
announced on this page, address
the Diocesan Office or any
Catholic Bookstore.



"Gather up the fragments that remain lest they be lost."—JOHN VI., 12.

REV. JAMES ANTHONY WALSH, M. AP.
Director in the Archdiocese of Boston,
62 UNION PARK STREET, - BOSTON, MASS.

Our Readers are Requested to Remember in Prayer the Souls of

Patrick Whalen	Ellen Clifford
Annie Sheehan	Margaret Clifford
Alfred Couvret	Daniel Donovan
Mary Plunkett	Lizzie Donovan
Margaret O'Brien	William Tiffany
Catherine Murphy	Lizzie Tiffany
Mary Keegan	Bessie Tiffany
Mrs. Margaret Havey	Mrs. Mary Kearns
John Havey	Mrs. M. L. O'Connor
James Havey	Mrs. Bridget Curley
Mrs. Mary Collins	Frank Reardon
Mr. B. Cleary	Mrs. Marg't Reardon
Mrs. J. Cleary	Charles Brunet
Patrick O'Connor	Mrs. Esther Keliher
Mary O'Hearn	Mrs. Cath'ne Glancy
Mary Shannon	Mrs. Runey
Christopher Shannon	Barbara Weisse
John Sturie	Arthur J. Donovan
Michael Dolan	Cornelius Donahue
Rose Dolan	Charles Mackman
Elizabeth Donovan	M. J. Donovan
William Fitzgerald	Mrs. H. W. Donovan
John Fitzgerald	Nicholas Johnson
William Clifford	

* *

THE education of Catholics to the proper appreciation of the missionary spirit and the Church's world-wide progress has been one of the chief aims of the Diocesan office for the Propagation of the Faith.

The foreign mission idea has been presented in most of the parishes by means of sermons supplemented in many places with illustrated lectures. It has also been emphasized by paragraphs and articles which have appeared in the local Catholic papers and occasionally in the secular journals.

In the diocesan Seminary, a regular meeting is held monthly when papers relating to the missions are read and discussed. Several Academies and the Catholics at one of the secular colleges in Massachusetts have already been attracted to the study of our missions and seek information from time to time.

Unfortunately such information is scarce in the English language, and

the few who are in a position to prepare material find themselves confronted by two difficulties, lack of time and lack of patronage.

Those individuals, however, who wish to become interested in the great movement of the Church and to interest others as well, we hold ourselves ready and anxious to encourage and help as best we can. We gladly invite correspondence with such as also with colleges, schools and academies.

To spread among our own Catholics the mission idea is in itself a missionary work which must be taken up by many clergy and laity, before it can be widely felt. Help us in this propaganda.

HELP, CHRISTIANS, HELP!

Where the sea-girt island lies,
'Neath the glowing Eastern skies,
Wailingly—beseechingly—doth a saddening voice arise:

Help, Christians, Help! for life is very dreary.

Life hath no joy, and death is dark to us,

Our time is short, and we are weary.

Souls, that Jesus died to save,
Withering by the Western wave,
Wailingly—Oh, wailingly! plead with us those souls to save.

Help, Christians, Help! etc.

Over Africa's sun-burnt plain
Moves the same mysterious strain
Wailingly—beseechingly—shall our cry be raised in vain!

Help, Christians, help! etc.

To our hearts the Spirit cries:
Children of my love, arise
Lovingly—courageously! In our heart a voice replies:

Joy, brothers joy! life shall no more be dreary;

Hope will we bring to you; Death

shall be life to you,

For God is love, and love is never weary.

—From St. Joseph's F. M. Advocate.

From various sections of the United States and occasionally from foreign countries, appeals are made to the Reverend Clergy, to Religious Communities and to individuals among the laity. The Diocesan office is the authorized channel of missionary contributions and the Director will gladly give information regarding the appeals and will forward all offerings. In this way, the interests of the charitably disposed can be best safeguarded.

Let your boy read the story of Father Judge's experience in Alaska. He will enjoy it as much as a novel and it will do him a thousand times more good.

DIRECT TO THE MISSIONS.

Contributions for specified missions and mission needs are now distributed directly from the Boston Diocesan office.

A correspondence has already been established with bishops in various portions of the world and, as printed receipts accompany each remittance, acknowledgments are received with the smallest possible loss of time.



* *

Figures speak. To many the proportion of Christians represented in the above diagram is surprising, if not disappointing.

Are we right in believing that they should be larger?

Our Saviour died for all mankind, His command to the apostles could not have been more explicit than it is: "Going teach all nations."

The Church of Christ must fulfill His command and already she has proved her power to reach all classes and colors of men.

But why so much blackness?

Because God's grace must meet man's co-operation.

Because man, enlightened, has not thought of the souls in darkness. Because we have been and still are short-sighted.

"There is enough to do at home."

This has been our excuse and it is seemingly justified. We have more than we can attend to at home. So had the apostles yet they did not all remain in Palestine.

The faith at home will flourish in proportion as we help to develop it among the heathen. This is the very nature of love which intensifies as it spreads.

What are you doing to send the rays from the Cross of Christ over a darkened world?

It is in your power to help in the work of the Church.

A prayer for the conversion of the world—you can give at least this much.

The Catholic Church alone can shed abroad the Light of Christ. If you have the honor to be her child, you have the privilege of co-operating in her apostolic mission.

He who comes to the aid of an apostle will receive the reward of an apostle.

Legacies should be made out to THE BOSTON DIOCESAN DIRECTOR FOR THE PROPAGATION OF THE FAITH. Headquarters: Cathedral Residence, Boston, Mass.

A CHILD'S REPLY.

A little boy, whose home is in Preston, England, was reading about the unhappy lot of the poor African slaves. Unable any longer to restrain the feelings of pity and sorrow which he felt for these unfortunate creatures, he burst out in these words: "O mother! I do wish I were a man that I might go and fight for these poor Africans." "But, my child," answered the mother, "you are not strong enough for that." "But," said the child again, "can not father go? I will ask him, when he comes home." "Oh no!" exclaimed the mother, father can not go, for we want him at home." "Well then," persisted the boy, "is there nothing that we can do for these poor people?" "Yes," replied his mother, "we can always help to send others to fight for them." Hearing this, he ran at once to fetch his money-box, and emptying out its contents—no less than twenty shillings (nearly five dollars) he exclaimed: "See, I will give them all my savings!"

What a beautiful lesson for each and every one of us! Would that we were all like this generous-hearted, self-sacrificing boy of Preston!

A WORTHY TRIBUTE.

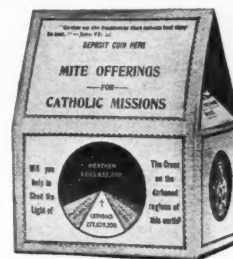
AN AMERICAN MISSIONARY, REV. WILLIAM H. JUDGE, S. J.

By the REV. CHARLES J. JUDGE, S. S.

"The age of heroes has not passed," said a Bostonian reviewer, when the first edition of this book was published. The re-edition which we have before us may convince the pessimist that neither is the era passed of hero-worshippers. A great man's life will now, as ever, attract the deepest respect and admiration. In the hospital of Dawson City it attracted something very akin to love—and that from rough miners, from the promiscuous population of a Klondike goldfield, from Catholic and Protestant and creedless alike. "He's the finest man that God ever put a soul into," was the forcible description of Father Judge by one of his patients.

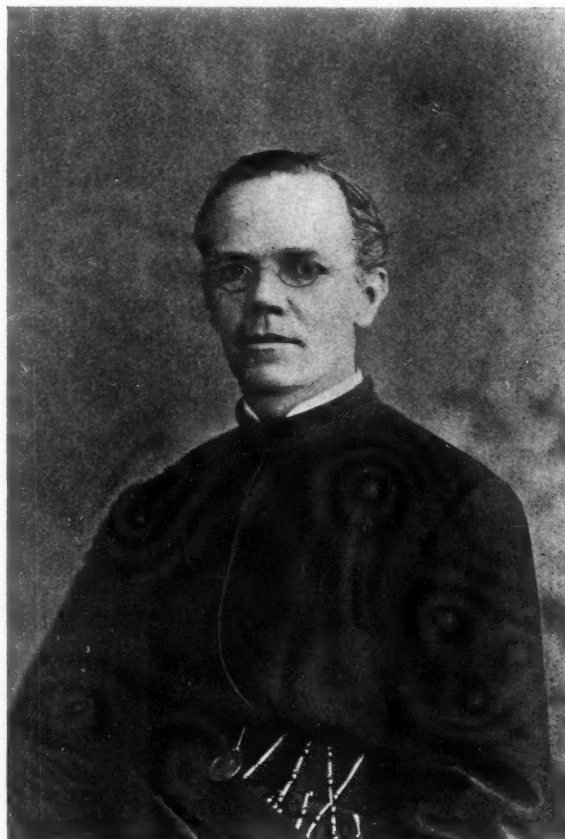
And truly Father Judge was a hero. Who would have foreseen the future awaiting the young minister at Woodstock, a gentle, delicate-looking man, yet with his heart in his work, and with his Master's memory ever in his heart? Nevertheless, within a very few years, he was treading the deck of the St. Paul, bound for the scene of his future apostolate, Alaska, and the foreign mission of the Yukon. The letters which he wrote, year by year, from 1890 till his death on January 16, 1899, are full of varied interest. We see him as a young and relatively inexperienced priest learning his first lessons of missionary life. Then he is sent farther up-country, to live alone, as at Forty Mill. And at length he finds his life-work and his death at Dawson City—he, prospector and goldfinder, too, yet discovering it not in the cold river-bed, but in the beating, rugged heart of man. His letters are always bright and cheery: nevertheless one may watch between the lines the progress of another life, lived

apart. The Far West, he tells his youngest brother, is not exactly the Far West of the story-book. And even putting aside exterior trials, we may feel sure that work such as his was never accomplished except at the cost of great suffering. One consolation he had in his loneliest days. His little log-cabin at Forty Mill was divided into two apartments, "one for Our Lord, and the other for His poor servant" (p. 161). It is a beautiful picture, that of these two friends—for friends they were in the deepest and truest sense—pitching their tents together in alien lands, dwelling under the same roof, drawn closer together by their very loneliness, the Master and His humble servant. Of his life at Dawson City we shall not speak. The book must be read,



OUR NEW MITE BOX.

A set of "Field Afar" Post Cards will be sent to any address on receipt of twenty-five cents in stamps.



THE LATE FR. WM. JUDGE, S.J., MISSIONARY IN ALASKA.

The Diocesan Office invites correspondence with colleges, schools and academies. Letters and photographs direct from the missions will be supplied from time to time, together with interesting material.

in order to gather any true idea of his heroism and self-forgetfulness. He was only 49 when he died: young indeed, yet fered by the autumn of strange sufferings. —*London Tablet*, Sept., 1908.

The dangers to which I am exposed, and the pains I take for the interest of God alone, are the inexhaustible springs of spiritual joys; inasmuch that these islands, bare of all worldly necessities, are the places in the world for a man to lose his sight with excess in weeping; but they are tears of joy. I remember not ever to have tasted such interior delights, and these consolations of the soul are so pure, so exquisite and so constant, that they take from me all sense of my corporal sufferings.

St. Francis Xavier.

Our new Mite-boxes are sent flat, but fold as shown above. They are intended especially for households where members of the family, young and old, visitors as well, may find the occasion from time to time to express in a practical way their interest in the spread of faith. These little messengers do not ask the substance of your offerings for charity. The home, parochial, and diocesan needs claim this. They seek the crumbs that are left over and are best served when they receive the mite that is saved by some act of self denial.

FR. TIGNOUS, a missionary from India, who is trying to recover his health in France has sent the translation of several Hindu proverbs which will be found interesting. He has prepared these for THE FIELD AFAR:

The habits of the cradle will last to the grave.

The plant that could not be bent when it was a twig will not bend when it is a branch.

A stone will wear away by the continual creeping of ants over it.

To acquire science in later years is like dyeing a dirty cloth.

There is no man who knows everything, there is none who knows nothing.

Anybody will say: I have no memory; nobody will say: I have no sense.

None is ruined by telling the truth: no one prospers by telling lies.

The flood which has passed the dam will not come back even if you cry.

Do not put your foot in the river without knowing its depth.

Even when a wound is healed a scar will remain.

If a neighbor's roof catches fire, one's own is in danger.

When the cattle is on one shore, the opposite looks green, when it is on the opposite shore, the other side looks green.

A slip of the tongue is worse than a slip of the foot.

Do not believe all you hear, do not say all you believe.

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from 14 years upward who may feel themselves called to become

Religious Teachers

are invited to correspond with the

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